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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable contributions from noted writers. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

### Damage by Lightning.

Newport was visited by a heavy electrical storm Tuesday evening, which reminded the residents very forcibly of the storm which did so much damage last August. The rain fell in torrents from about sunset until the following morning, washing the macadamized roads very badly. Following so soon after previous heavy rains which had already done much to weaken the binding there was more than the ordinary amount of damage done. Sand and gravel washed down the hillsides onto the street railway tracks and filled sewers and catchbasins. The street cars were considerably delayed in consequence.

The electrical display was very brilliant and the thunder followed close after the flash. The lightning continued for several hours but it was at its worst about eleven o'clock when a bolt struck the house of Officer Isaac J. Barker on Van Zandt avenue, visiting many rooms in the house and doing considerable damage. The house was not set on fire and no one was injured.

There were several social gatherings in different parts of the city that evening and those who had occasion to be out during the height of the storm were pretty thoroughly drenched. On account of the lightning many telephones could not be used, so calls could not be ordered. A number of telephones were put out of business temporarily by burning out of fuses and the company's men were busy the next day replacing them.

The body of a man in a badly decomposed condition was found in a shed off Slocum street Friday morning. He had apparently been dead from three to four weeks. The body was identified as that of a man known as Joseph Ferguson, 74 years of age, who had been missing for about three weeks. In September he stopped at the Police Station one night as a lodger, since which time he had not been seen around. He had lived in Newport some twelve years and was supposed to have some relatives in Providence but the police were unable to locate them yesterday.

Thirty years ago next Monday Newport presented a very wintry appearance. The thermometer registered 23 degrees above zero and it snowed nearly all day. Ninety years ago was what was known throughout New England as "scarce year." There was frost every month and farmers had to go many miles from home to secure seed for planting.

### The New Hotel.

There is on exhibition in the window of the MERCURY Office a finely colored drawing of the new hotel which is to be built in this city. The plans have been drawn by Architect E. P. Whitman of Boston, who designed the Bruguere residence on Coddington Point. The picture has attracted much attention and all have expressed the hope that it may be built.

Mr. William Shepley and Mr. J. K. Sullivan are behind this movement to secure a new hotel and are confident that it will be built. As yet they have not attempted to secure subscriptions but have been earnestly talking the matter up among the men who can afford to invest something in the enterprise and have already received many promises of support. It is hoped to secure the James Gordon Bennett site on Bellevue avenue and when this matter is decided work will be begun in earnest in securing subscriptions for stock.

The architect's plans show a very handsome structure, to be built of concrete finished to resemble marble. The building will be 167 feet by 204 feet and will stand back on the grounds about 80 feet, both on the Bellevue avenue and William street sides. It will be four stories in height and will contain 250 rooms, many of which will be arranged en suite and connected with bath.

The main entrance will be on Bellevue avenue and to the right of this will be the dining room facing on the two streets. Parlors, reception rooms, writing rooms, etc., will be on the left. There will be a large courtyard in the rear so that there will be no necessity for inside sleeping rooms in the hotel. Connecting with the William street entrance will be the cafe, billiard room, Turkish baths, etc.

A prospectus will be issued soon, containing an estimate of the expense, details of the plans, etc., so that the public can know exactly what they are offered in the way of a first class summer hotel, big enough to care for a large number of people and still less expensive than the million dollar structure that was proposed some time ago. When the hotel is built everything will be first class in every respect and a thorough hotel man will be procured to run it in a manner that will appeal to those who are accustomed to the best.

### Drug Store Fire.

Shortly after two o'clock Tuesday morning there was a still alarm sent in, closely followed by Box 31, for a fire in the basement of Powell's drug store on Thames street. Smoke was seen to be issuing from the building and when the chemical company responded they found more of a fire than they cared to handle alone. When the water was turned on the fire was quickly extinguished but not until after the building had been filled with smoke. The loss was covered by insurance.

This is the second time in a little over a year that a fire has been discovered in the same place. The first fire was more destructive than the second, considerable of the contents of the store being damaged.

There was a meeting of the Citizens' Municipal Association on Monday evening, at which the list of candidates for members of the board of aldermen under the new charter, as prepared by the executive committee, was approved. The list comprises the following: First ward, Hudson B. Klingman; second ward, Peter Kling; third ward, John C. Burke; fourth ward, James B. Cottrell. The organization now has under consideration the question of candidates for mayor and members of the representative council, and will announce them later.

Nomination papers are being extensively signed for Mayor Robert C. Cottrell for re-election as mayor of this city. It requires two hundred and fifty signers to make the nomination valid. More than that number of signatures have already been obtained. It is understood that Col. William P. Clarke will be his opponent. It looks now as though the candidates for office under the present Charter would be very numerous.

The Newport Artillery Company attended divine service at Emmanuel Church last Sunday evening when Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., chaplain of the company, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

Miss Bridget Maria Kelly and Mr. Dennis Joseph Curran were married at St. Joseph's Church Wednesday morning. Rev. Father Smith officiating.

Lady Herbert, who has been visiting relatives in this city during the summer, is guest of her brother, Mr. R. T. Wilson, Jr., in New York.

Master Darrah Briggs, who has been confined to his home on Touro street by illness, is slowly improving.

NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 13, 1906.

W. I. G. L. E. NUMBER 8,347.

### Superior Court.

The second and last week of the October session of the Superior Court for Newport County began on Monday, and there was found rather more to keep the court busier than during the opening week.

On Monday the criminal-docket was in order, Assistant Attorney General Greenough representing the State. Annie Komansky pleaded nolo to the indictment charging assault with a dangerous weapon and the case was continued, defendant to pay costs. Anton Palo pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and was sentenced to four months in jail. George Briggs was sentenced to nine months in jail for larceny of hens in Tiverton.

There was a long trial of a trivial case, State vs. Thomas McCann, charging the larceny of a \$10 bill from Catherine O'Brien. A jury was empanelled with Charles Ball of New Shoreham as foreman and the case lasted all day, and a part of Tuesday. The verdict was not guilty.

State vs. Stephen D. Gaines was tried by a jury of which Nathaniel B. Church of Tiverton was foreman. This was a Jamestown case, the charge being that Gaines failed to assist an officer in making an arrest when called upon to do so. The evidence in the case was voluminous. The jury at first reported a disagreement but later found the defendant guilty.

Tuesday afternoon the case of Catherine E. Harrington vs. Mary I. Smith et al. was put on, William H. Butler of Portsmouth being foreman of the jury of eleven men. This case was brought by Mrs. Harrington to recover damages for the death of her husband who was killed by a falling run while engaged in unloading a barge of coal at Bowen's coal yard. The defendants are named as the owners of the property, W. T. O'Donnell and L. A. Waterman appeared for plaintiff and W. P. Sheffield and Max Levy for defendant.

The first witnesses were two mechanical engineers, one testifying for the plaintiff and the other for the defendant. As is frequently the case with expert testimony their opinions were considerably at variance regarding the safety of the chain which caused the fatality.

Wednesday morning the jury was taken for a view of the premises. Upon their return the trial was resumed. Fellow workmen told of the breaking of the chain that supported the run. Three men were working on it at the time. One clung to the rigging out the other two were thrown to the deck of the barge, Harrington landing in the hold and being taken out unconscious. He died three days later. Another expert was called by the plaintiff to testify regarding the chain.

For the defence Captain James H. McMahon testified that in his long experience in unloading coal most of the places where he lands are equipped with chains like that in question, some of them being apparently of lighter construction.

The Harrington-Smith case lasted nearly all day Thursday, not being given to the jury until after four o'clock in the afternoon. There was a lot of testimony regarding the safety or lack of it on the run. After being out about an hour the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$8000. It is regarded as probable that an appeal will be taken, a number of exceptions having been noted during the trial.

Late Thursday afternoon the case of Arthur E. Burland vs. the New England Navigation Company was put on, James L. Grey of Little Compton being foreman of the jury. Clark Burdick appeared for plaintiff and Messrs. Sheffield, Jr., Levy, Harvey for the defendant. This is to recover payment for some nickel-plating that plaintiff claims to have done for the company. Plaintiff put in the orders from the company as evidence. The case occupied all of Friday forenoon.

Rev. George Power Merritt died at his home in Morrisania, N. Y., on Monday. He was well known in Newport, having supplied the pulpit of the United Congregational Church in this city on Sunday, September 9th. He was a personal friend of Rev. Mr. Richards.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., leave Monday for Boston and at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning sail from Boston on the Saxonia of the Cunard line for Europe.

Miss Charlotte Mahan of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, is visiting her relatives in this city.

Miss Harriet Newell Kauff and Miss Mabel E. Stacy have returned from the White Mountains.

Mr. John J. Peckham, Jr., has secured a responsible position in New York.

Mr. Howard G. Milne left the past week for a short vacation.

Sergeant Gillies is enjoying his annual vacation.

### Primary Meetings.

#### Republican Ward Caucuses.

The Republican ward caucuses for the election of members of the Republican city committee, delegates to the city convention, and nomination of wardens and clerks were held on Monday evening. There was only one contest, and that was in the first ward where the Hamilton ticket was successful by an overwhelming majority, the vote on most of the names being 169 to 86. The result of the caucuses was as follows:

#### Members of City Committee.

First Ward—William S. Rogere, Fletcher W. Lawton, Robert P. Hamlin, Armistead Hurley, William H. Carr.

Second Ward—William G. Landers, William H. Jackson, George W. Ritchie, Benjamin F. Tanner, Robert Frame.

Third Ward—Harwood E. Read, Herbert Bliss, George N. Buckout, Edward A. Sherman, M. Alonso Van Horne.

Fourth Ward—William F. Adams, Robert Gash, James W. Johnson, Robert McFetish, P. P. Stewart Hale.

Fifth Ward—James McLeish, John Mahan, William W. Marvel, Edward E. Taylor, Jr., Andrew S. Meikle.

#### Delegates to City Convention.

First Ward—Robert Kerr, Joseph B. Pike, Benjamin W. Freeborn, John William Schwartz, Armistead Hurley.

Second Ward—George Norman Weaver, Herbert E. Nason, David B. Allen, Henry J. Hass, Edward S. Peckham.

Third Ward—James H. Barney, Jr., Max Levy, J. Powell Cozzens, J. K. Douglas, Dr. Frank R. Warden.

Fourth Ward—Joseph Barrett, Andrew Johnson, Robert Holland, William F. Adams.

Fifth Ward—James McLeish, John Mahan, James Brown, Andrew S. Meikle, John T. Allan.

#### Wardens and Clerks.

First Ward—Warden, Joseph S. Lawton; clerk, Benjamin Lawton.

Second Ward—Warden, Allen G. Goddard; clerk, Robert C. Ebbs.

Third Ward—Warden, Charles F. Harrington; clerk, N. T. Hodson.

Fourth Ward—Warden, Charles Goddard; clerk, Frank Burlow.

#### Republican City Convention.

The Republican city convention was held on Tuesday evening in the Court House. Everything was quiet and harmonious. The present delegation to the General Assembly were unanimously re-nominated and they were instructed to use their every effort to secure the re-election of Senator Wetmore.

The convention was called to order by Chairman Read of the city committee, and John Mahan was elected temporary chairman and J. Powell Cozzens temporary secretary. After the presentation of credentials and the filling of vacancies the temporary organization was made permanent. Convention delegates were then elected as follows:

#### State Convention.

First Ward—Robert Kerr, Frank P. Gladding, Armistead Hurley.

Second Ward—Andrew K. McMahon, Harold A. Peckham, C. F. D. Fayerweather.

Third Ward—Frank R. Warden, Eugene Schreier, M. A. Van Horne.

Fourth Ward—William F. Adams, Robert S. Gash, William F. Robinson.

Fifth Ward—James McLeish, John T. Allan, Edward S. Rawson.

#### Congressional Convention.

First Ward—Robert C. Bacheller, William Matthews, Albert G. Gross.

Second Ward—David B. Allen, Arthur E. Burland, Charles S. Landers.

Third Ward—Harwood E. Read, Marco A. Russo, James K. Douglass.

Fourth Ward—Joseph Barrett, William F. Adams, Andrew Johnson.

Fifth Ward—William W. Marvel, A. Livingston Mason, Benjamin M. Anthony.

#### On September 8, 1906, a boy ten years old, who could not be taught in the public schools, was placed at the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-minded at Waverly, through the State Board of Education.

During the past months at various times proof sufficient was found by your truant officer for prosecution of two dealers for selling and one man for delivering cigarettes to boys under 16 years of age. All three were arraigned, pleaded guilty, and were fined. Two boys were also arraigned for smoking cigarettes, pleaded guilty, and were fined \$2 each.

On September 29 a boy was arrested for habitual truancy. He pleaded guilty and was placed on probation.

October 8 a boy who was an habitual truant was placed at a reformatory boarding school Boston, arrangements having been made with his mother.

I recommend the prosecution of Francis Winter, 23 Wellington avenue, for not attending school according to law.

After an executive session to consider the report of the committee on teachers, it was voted to open a new room for Grade VIII in the Townsend Industrial Building, Miss E. C. Mackie being transferred to that room at a salary of \$600, her place in the Clarke School being filled by the transfer of Miss E. A. Eddy at a salary of \$

# The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents  
By BURTON E. STEVENSON  
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## CHAPTER III.

**F**ROM the breathless silence that followed her answer she saw that she had somehow dealt her mistress a heavy blow, and the sobs burst out beyond control, choking her. I could see how my chief's face turned livid. He had driven another rivet in the chain—just the one it needed to hold it firmly together. My head was whirling. Could it be possible, after all, that this gentle, cultured girl was really such a fiend at heart that she could strike down—I put the thought from me. It was monstrous, unbelievable!

The coroner and the district attorney were whispering together, and I saw the former glance from the blood stained handkerchief on the desk before him to the sobbing woman on the stand. It needed only that—her identification of that square of cambric—to complete the evidence. He hesitated a moment, said another word or two to Singleton, then straightened up again in his chair. Perhaps he thought the chain was strong enough; perhaps he saw only that the witness was in no condition to go on.

"Anything further, Mr. Royce?" he asked.

"Not at present, sir," answered our junior hoarsely. I think he was just beginning fully to realize how desperate our case was.

"We will dismiss the witness, then, temporarily," said the coroner. "We shall probably recall her later on."

The man was off back to the witness room on the verge of hysteria, and Goldberg looked over the papers on his desk.

"We have one more witness," he said at last. "Miss Holladay's coachman, and perhaps a little testimony in rebuttal." If you wish to adjourn for lunch, Mr. Royce, I'm quite ready to do so."

"Thank you, sir," said my chief, welcoming an opportunity to pull himself together and prepare a plan of defense. "I do wish it."

"Very well, then. We'll adjourn till 2 o'clock," and he pushed back his chair.

"May I have one word with you, sir?" asked Mr. Royce.

"Certainly."

"I should like to see Miss Holladay a few moments in private. We wish, of course, to arrange our rebuttal."

The coroner looked at him for a moment with eyes in which just a trace of curiosity flickered.

"I'll be very glad to allow you to see her in private," he answered readily.

"I regret greatly that we couldn't find you last night, so that you could have opportunity to prepare for this hearing. I feel that in a way we haven't been quite fair to you, though I don't see how delay could have altered matters, and in a case of this kind prompt action is important. I had no intention of placing Miss Holladay on the witness stand, so I thought it best to proceed at once with the inquest. You must admit, sir, that as the case stands there's only one course open to me."

"I fear so," assented the other sadly. "It's most incomprehensible case."

The chain of evidence seems absolutely complete, and yet I'm convinced—as every sane man must be—that there is in it some fatal flaw, which, once discovered, will send the whole structure tottering. It must be my business to find that flaw."

"Strange things happen in this world, Mr. Royce," observed Singleton, with a philosophy born of experience.

"The impossible never happens, sir!" retorted our junior. "I hope to show you that this belongs in that category."

"Well, I hope you will," said the district attorney. "I'd be glad to find that some one else is guilty."

"I'll do my best." And Mr. Royce turned to me. "Lester, you'd better go and get some lunch. You look quite done up."

"Shall I bring you something?" I asked. "Or better still, have a meal ready for you in half an hour? Rotin's just around the corner."

He would have refused, I think, had not the coroner interfered.

"You'd better go, Mr. Royce," he said. "You're looking done up yourself. Perhaps you can persuade Miss Holladay to eat something. I'm sure she needs it."

"Very well, then. Have two meals ready in half an hour, Lester," he said. "And a lunch we can bring back with us. I'll go to Miss Holladay now and then direct to Rotin's."

He hurried away after the coroner, and I walked slowly over to Rotin's to give the necessary orders. I chose a table in a snug corner, picked up a paper and tried to read. Its one great item of news was the Holladay case, and I grew hot with anger as I saw how unquestioningly, how complacently it accepted the theory of the daughter's guilt. Still, I asked myself, was it to blame? Was any one to blame for thinking her guilty after hearing the evidence? How could one escape it? Why, even I—

Preposterous! I tried to reason calmly; to find an opening in the net, yet how complete it was! The only point we had gained so far was that the mysterious visitor had asked for Mr. Holladay, not for her father, and what an infinitesimal point it was! Supposing there had been a quarrel, an estrangement, would not she naturally have used those very words? After all, did not the black eyes, the full lips, the deep colored cheeks bespeak a strong and virile temperament, depth of emotion, capacity for swift and violent anger? But what cause could there be for a quarrel so bitter, so fierce, that it should lead to such a tragedy? What cause? And then suddenly a wave of light broke in upon

me. There could be only one, but there could be one! Capacity for emotion meant capacity for passion. If she had a lover, if she had clung to him despite her father! I knew his reputation for severity, for cold and relentless condemnation. Here was an explanation, certainly!

And then I shook myself together angrily. Here was I reasoning along the theory of her guilt, trying to find a motive for it! I remembered her as I had seen her often, driving with her father; I recalled the many stories I had heard of their devotion; I reflected how her whole life, so far as I knew it, pointed to a nature singularly calm and self controlled, charitable and loving. As to the lover theory, did not the light in her eyes which had greeted our junior disprove that at once and forever? Certainly, there was some faint hue in the evidence, and it was ours to find it.

I leaned my head back against the wall with a little sigh of relief. What a fool I had been! Of course we should find it. Mr. Royce had spoken the words; the district attorney had pointed out the way. We had only to prove a alibi, and the next witness would do it. Her coachman had only to tell where he had driven her, at what place she had stopped, and the whole question would be settled. At the hour the crime was committed she had doubtless been miles away from Wall street, so the question would be settled—settled, too, without the necessity of Miss Holladay undergoing the unpleasant ordeal of cross examination.

"It is a most extraordinary affair," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned with a start to see that the chair just behind me had been taken by a man who was also reading an account of the crime. He laid the paper down and caught my eye. "A most extraordinary affair!" he repeated, appealing to me.

I nodded, merely glancing at him, too preoccupied to notice him closely. I got an impression of a florid face, of a stout, well dressed body, of an air unmistakably French.

"You will pardon me, sir," he added, leaning a little forward. "As a stranger in this country, I am much interested in your processes of law. This morning I was present at the trial. I received you there. It seemed to me that the young lady was in what you call a tight place."

"He spoke English very well, with an accent of the slightest. I glanced at him again and saw that his eyes were very bright and that they were fixed upon me intently.

"It does seem so," I admitted, loath to talk, yet not wishing to be discourteous.

"The very thing I said to myself," he continued eagerly. "The—what you call—coincidence of the dress now."

I did not answer. I was in no humor to discuss the case.

"You will pardon me," he repeated persuasively, still leaning forward, "but concerning one point I should like much to know. If she is thought guilty what will occur?"

"She will be bound over to the grand jury," I explained.

"That is, she will be placed in prison?"

"Of course."

"But as I understand your law, she may be released by bondsmen."

"Not in a capital case," I said; "not in a case of this kind, where the penalty may be death."

"Ah, I see," and he nodded slowly.

"She would then not be again released until after she shall have been proved innocent. How great a time would that occupy?"

"I can't say—six months—a year, perhaps."

"Ah, I see," he said again, and drained a glass of absinthe he had been toying with. "Thank you, ver' much, sir."

He arose and went slowly out, and I noted the strength of his figure, the short neck—

The waiter came with bread and butter, and I realized suddenly that it was long past the half hour. Indeed, a glance at my watch showed me that nearly an hour had gone. I waited fifteen minutes longer, ate what I could, and taking a box lunch under my arm, hurried back to the coroner's office. As I entered it I saw a bowed figure sitting at the table, and my heart fell as I recognized our junior. His whole attitude expressed a despair absolute, past redemption.

"I've brought your lunch, Mr. Royce," I said, with what lightness I could muster. "The proceedings will commence in half an hour. You'd better eat something," and I opened the box.

He looked at it for a moment, and then began mechanically to eat.

"You look regularly done up," I ventured. "Wouldn't I better get you a glass of brandy? That'll tone you up."

"All right," he assented listlessly, and I hurried away on the errand.

The brandy brought a little color back to his cheeks, and he began to eat with more interest.

"Must I order lunch for Miss Holladay?" I questioned.

"No," he said. "She said she didn't wish any."

He relapsed again into silence. Plainly he had received some new blow during my absence.

"After all," I began, "you know we've only to prove an alibi to knock to pieces this whole house of cards."

"Yes, that's all," he agreed. "But suppose we can't do it, Lester?"

"Can't do it?" I faltered. "Do you mean—"

"I mean that Miss Holladay positively refuses to say where she spent yesterday afternoon."

"Does she understand the—the ne-

cessarily?" I asked.

"I pointed it out to her as clearly as I could. I'm all at sea, Lester."

"Well, if even he were beginning to doubt, matters were indeed serious!"

"It's incomprehensible!" I sighed, after a moment's confused thought.

"It's—"

"Yes—past believing."

"But the coachman?"

"The coachman's evidence, I fear, won't help us much—rather the reverse."

I actually gasped for breath. I felt like a drowning man from whose grasp the saving rope had suddenly, unaccountably, been snatched.

"In that case?" I began and stopped.

"Well, in that case?"

"We must find some other way out," I concluded humbly.

"Is there another way, Lester?" he demanded, wheeling round upon me fiercely. "Is there another way? Is there I wish you show it to me?"

"There must be!" I protested desperately, striving to convince myself. "There must be. Only, I fear, it will take some little time to find."

"And meanwhile Miss Holladay will be remanded! Think what that will mean to her, Lester!"

I had thought. I was desperate as he, but to find the flaw, the weak spot in the chain, required, I felt, a better brain than mine. I was lost in a whirlwind of perplexities.

"Well, we must do our best," he went on more calmly after a moment.

"I haven't lost hope yet—chance often directs these things. Besides, at worst I think Miss Holladay will change her mind. Whatever her secret, it were better to reveal it than to spend a single hour in the Tombs. She simply must change her mind! And thanks, Lester, for your thoughtfulness. You have put new life into me."

I cleared away the debris of the lunch, and a few moments later he

had stopped, and the whole question would be settled. At the hour the crime was committed she had doubtless been miles away from Wall street, so the question would be settled—settled, too, without the necessity of Miss Holladay undergoing the unpleasant ordeal of cross examination.

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"You look regularly done up," I ventured. "Wouldn't I better get you a glass of brandy? That'll tone you up."

"All right," he assented listlessly, and I hurried away on the errand.

The brandy brought a little color back to his cheeks, and he began to eat with more interest.

"Are your mistress' handkerchiefs marked in any way?" Goldberg asked as she turned to him.

"Some of them are, yes, sir, with her initials, in the form of a monogram. Most of them are plain."

"Do you recognize this one?" he asked.

"It is all," said the coroner. "Will you cross examine the witness, Mr. Royce?"

I can give his evidence in few words. His mistress had driven directly down the avenue to Washington square. There she had left the carriage, bidding him wait for her, and had continued southward into the squalid French quarter. He had lost sight of her in a moment and had driven slowly about for more than two hours before she reappeared. She had ordered him to drive home as rapidly as he could, and he had not stopped until he reached the house. Her gown? Yes, he had noticed that it was a dark red. He had not seen her face, for it was veiled. No, he had never before driven her to that locality.

Quaking at heart, I realized that only one person could extricate Frances Holladay from the coil woven about her.

If she persisted in silence, there was no hope for her. But that she should still refuse to speak was inconceivable unless—

"That is all," said the coroner. "Will you cross examine the witness, Mr. Royce?"

I read the note through again—"a gown of dark green." And suddenly, by a kind of clairvoyance, the solution of the mystery leaped forth from it. I leaped over to my chief, trembling with eagerness.

"Mr. Royce," I whispered hoarsely. "I believe I've solved the puzzle. Hold Rogers on the stand a few moments until I get

**JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.****RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KEN-**  
**DNEY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.**

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder trouble, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal term to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a care for the interest of our readers leads us to call attention to its great value."

**JAMES H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.**Druggists sell it in New 80 Cent Size  
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Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

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Dr. David Kennedy's Cherry Balsam best for  
Colds, Coughs, Consumption, Etc., 50c, \$1.00.**Special Bargains!**

For the next 80 days we offer our entire line of

**Fall and Winter Woolens,**

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic markets at less than 25 per cent. less than our regular prices. This in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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**NEWPORT****Transfer Express Co****TRUCKERS**

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accessible by Telephone at any and all hours.  
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellvue Avenue  
BRANCH OFFICES, 1227 Tunney Street and  
New York Freight Depot.  
Telephone 71-2.**DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.**

Alice Fatti possesses an old doll called Henrietta, which was given to her when she was seven for singing nicely.

With the purchase of the Laurelos ranch, in Texas, Mrs. H. M. King, popularly known in the south as the "cat-  
tle queen," is now owner of 1,250,000 acres, a tract nearly twice the area of Rhode Island.

Mrs. Gertrude Rhinelander Waldo, mother of Deputy Commissioner Waldo of New York, finds that her son's official position brings her a good deal of annoyance, so she has about concluded to make her home abroad.

"Granny" Craske of Sheringham, Norfolk, England, is probably the oldest Salvationist in the world, for she will celebrate her one hundredth birthday in December. Despite her great age she attends an occasional open air meeting.

Mrs. Frank, widow of Dr. Samuel Leon Frank of Baltimore, will donate \$15,000 to the Hebrew hospital and asylum or that city to be used in erecting a new hospital building adjoining the present building. Mrs. Frank is a sister of Senator Rayner.

Mrs. Rebecca Brewer of Swedesboro, Pa., has been attending camp meeting at Pitman Grove, Pa., for the past thirty-two years, and at every meeting she has always worn the same old hat. She is eighty-three years old and, like her bonnet, still makes a good appearance.

Eleanora Duse, a famous Italian actress, has positively vetoed a plan to celebrate her jubilee as was done in England and France for Ellen Terry and Bernhardt. When the subject was broached to the signora she thanked her friends, but declined the honor. She enjoys the distinction—almost unique in her profession—of shunning everything in the shape of publicity.

**THINGS THEATRICAL.**

Miss Ida Conquest has been engaged to play the leading part in Kyrie Bellev's production of "Brigadier Gerard."

Ada Reeves, one of the most popular of English music hall artists, will visit America. She has recently been appearing in vaudeville in South Africa.

The famous London Lyceum, long the home of Sir Henry Irving's brilliant productions, is to be devoted to melodrama. George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley, both well known in the field of sensational drama, are the new lessees.

Jacob Gordin, author of "The Kreutzer Sonata," over which there has been so much litigation, is writing a new drama called "The Mountains." Jacob Adler may produce the play in Yiddish, and if it is a success in the vernacular it may be presented later in English.

Marie Wainwright, who has been a vaudeville headliner of late years, has signed a contract to appear this season in support of Eleanor Robson in Zangwill's "Nurse Marjorie," and Edmund Rostand's beautiful poetic play, "La Princesse Loïtaine" ("The Princess Loïtaine").

**THE HOLLADAY CASE.**  
CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

to the puzzle. It was the coroner's clerk who created a diversion.

"The jury is ready to report, sir," he announced.

"Very well; bring them out." And the jurymen filed slowly back to their seats. I gazed at each face and cursed the inexpressiveness of the human countenance.

"Have you arrived at a verdict, gentlemen?" asked the coroner.

"We have, sir," answered one of them and handed a paper to the clerk.

"Is this your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the coroner. "Do you all concur in it?"

They answered in the affirmative as their names were called.

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

**CHAPTER V.**

THE coroner dismissed the jury and came down and shook hands with us.

"I'm going to reward you for your clever work, Mr. Royce," he said. "Will you take the good news to Miss Holladay?"

My chief could not repress the swift flush of pleasure which reddened his cheeks, but he managed to speak unconcernedly.

"Why, yes; certainly. I'll be glad to, if you wish it," he said.

"I do wish it," Goldberg assured him, with a tact and penetration I thought admirable. "You may dismiss the policeman who is with her."

Our junior looked inquiringly at the district attorney.

"Before I go," he said, "may I ask what you intend doing, sir?"

"I intend finding the writer of that note," answered Singleton, smiling.

"But, about Miss Holladay?"

Singleton tapped his lips thoughtfully with his pencil.

"Before I answer," he said at last, "I should like to go with you and ask her one question."

"Very well," assented Mr. Royce instantly and led the way to the room where Miss Holladay awaited us.

She rose with flushing face as we entered and stood looking at us without speaking; but, despite her admirable composure, I could guess how she was racked with anxiety.

"Miss Holladay," began my chief, "this is Mr. Singleton, the district attorney, who wishes to ask you a few questions."

"One question only," corrected Singleton, bowing. "Were you at your father's office yesterday afternoon, Miss Holladay?"

"No, sir," she answered instantly and emphatically. "I have not been near my father's office for more than a week."

I saw him study her for a moment, then he bowed again.

"That is all," he said. "I don't think the evidence lies in holding her, Mr. Royce," and he left the room. I followed him, for I knew that I had no further part in our junior's errand. I went back to our table and busied myself gathering together our belongings. The room had gradually cleared and at the end of ten minutes only the coroner and his clerk remained. They had another ease, it seemed, to open in the morning—another case which perhaps involved just as great heartache and anguish as ours had. Five minutes later my chief came hurrying back to me and a glance at his beaming eyes told me how he had been welcomed.

"Miss Holladay has started home with her maid," he said. "She asked me to thank you for her the great work you did this afternoon, Lester. I told her it was really you who had done everything. Yes, it was," he added, answering my gesture of denial.

"While I was groping helplessly around in the dark you found the way to the light. But come; we must get back to the office."

We found a cab at the curb and in a moment were rolling buck over the route we had traversed that morning—again, as it seemed to me! It was only a few minutes after 3 o'clock, and I reflected that I should yet have time to complete the papers in the Hull case before leaving for the night.

Mr. Graham was still at his desk, and he at once demanded an account of the hearing. I went back to my work, and so caught only a word here and there—enough, however, to show me that our senior was deeply interested in this extraordinary affair. As for me, I put all thought of it resolutely from me and devoted myself to the work in hand. It was done at last, and I locked my desk with a sigh of relief. Mr. Graham nodded to me kindly as I passed out, and I left the office with the comfortable feeling that I had done a good day's work for myself as well as for my employers.

A man who had apparently been loitering in the hall followed me into the elevator.

"This is Mr. Lester, isn't it?" he asked as the car started to descend.

"Yes," I said, looking at him in surprise. He was well dressed, with alert eyes and strong, pleasing face. I had never seen him before.

"And you're going to dinner, aren't you, Mr. Lester?" he continued.

"Yes—to dinner," I assented, more and more surprised.

"Now, don't think me impertinent," he said, smiling at my look of amazement, "but I want you to dine with me this evening. I can promise you as good a meal as you will get at most places in New York."

"But I'm not dressed," I protested.

"That doesn't matter in the least—neither am I, you see. We will dine without others."

"Where?" I questioned.

"Well, how would the Studio suit?"

The car had reached the ground floor, and we left it together. I was completely in the dark as to my companion's purpose, and yet it could have but one explanation—it must be connected in some way with the Holladay case.

Unless—and I glanced at him again. No, certainly, he was not a confidence

man—even if he was, I would rather welcome the adventure. My curiosity won the battle.

"Very well," I said. "I'll be glad to accept your invitation, Mr. Lester."

He nodded approvingly.

"There spoke the man of sense. Well, you shall not go unrewarded. Godfrey is my name—no, you don't know me, but I'll soon explain myself. Here's my cab."

I mounted into it, he after me. It seemed to me that there was an unusual number of loafers about the door of the building, but we were off in a moment, and I did not give them a second thought. We rattled out into Broadway and turned northward for the three miles straightaway run to Union square. I noticed in a moment that we were going at a rate of speed rather exceptional for a cab, and it steadily increased as the driver found a clear road before him. My companion threw up the trap in the roof of the cab as we swung around into Thirteenth street.

"All right, Sam?" he called.

The driver grumbled down at us through the hole.

"All right, sir," he answered. "They couldn't stand the pace a little bit. They're distanced."

The trap snapped down again. We turned into Sixth avenue and stopped in a moment before the Studio, gray and forbidding without, but a dream within. My companion led the way upstairs to a private room, where a table stood, ready set for us. The oysters appeared before we were fairly seated.

"You see," he smiled, "I made bold to believe that you'd come with me, and so had the dinner already ordered."

I looked at him without replying. I was completely in the dark. Could this be the writer of the mysterious

"You, sir, will be glad to, if you wish it."

My companion paused for a moment's thought.

"I don't believe that Rogers would so inevitably have known of it," he said at last. "But, admit that—then there is another theory. Holladay has not been supporting his illegitimate child, who learns of her parentage and goes to him to demand her rights. That fits the case, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted. "It also is plausible."

"It is more than plausible," he said quietly. "Whatever the details may be, the body of the theory itself is unimpeachable—it's the only one which fits the facts. I believe it capable of proof. Don't you see how the note helps to prove it?"

"The note?"

I started at the word, and my suspicion sprang into life again. I looked at him quickly, but his eyes were on the cloth and he was rolling up innumerable little pellets of bread.

"That note," he added, "proved two things. One was that the writer was deeply interested in Miss Holladay's welfare; the other was that he or she knew Rogers, the clerk, intimately—more than intimately; almost as well as a physician knows an old patient."

"I admit the first," I said. "You'll have to explain the second."

"The second is self evident. How did the writer of the note know of Rogers' infirmity?"

"His infirmity?"

"Certainly—his color blindness. I confess I'm puzzled. How could any one else know it when Rogers himself didn't know it? That's what I should like to have explained. Perhaps there's only one man or woman in the world who could know. Well, that's the one who wrote the note. Now, who is it?"

"But," I began quickly, then stopped. His eyes were not on the cloth now, but on me. There was a light in them I did not quite understand. I felt that I must be sure of my ground before I went forward.

"It should be very easy to trace the writer of the note," I said.

"The police have not found it so."

"No?"

"No. It was given to the doorkeeper by a boy—just an ordinary boy of from twelve to fourteen years. The man didn't notice him especially. He said there was no answer and went away. How are the police to find that boy? Suppose they do find him. Probably all he could tell them would be that a man stopped him at the corner and gave him a quarter to take the note to the coroner's office."

I bowed my acknowledgments.

"You were right," I assented. "The idea was a stroke of genius."

"I knew you'd think so. You see, since this morning I've been musing rather a study of you. That coup of yours at the coroner's court this afternoon was admirable, one of the best things I ever saw."

"The color blind theory was a simple one."

"So simple that it never occurred to any one else. I think we're too apt to overlook the simple explanations, which are, after all, nearly always the true ones. It's only in books that we meet the reverse. You remember it's Gaboriau who advises one always to distrust the probable?"

"Yes, I don't agree with him."

"Nor I. Now take this case, for instance. I think it's safe to state that murder, where it's not the result of sudden passion, is always committed for one of two objects—revenge or gain. But Mr. Holladay's past life has been pretty thoroughly probed by the reporters, and nothing has been found to indicate that he had ever made a deadly enemy, at least among the class of people who resort to murder, so that does away with revenge."

We had come to the coffee and cigars, and I felt it time to protest.

"Before we return to the note, Mr. Royce," he said, "I'd like to ask you two direct questions. What interest have you in the matter?"

"The interest of every investigator of crime," he answered, smiling.

"You belong to the detective force, then?"

"I have belonged to it. At present I'm in other employ."

"And what was your object in bringing me here this evening?"

"One portion of my object has been accomplished. The other was to ask you to write out for me a copy of the note."

"But who was it pursued us up Broadway?"

"Oh, I have rivals!" he chuckled. "I fatter myself that was rather neatly done. Will you give me a copy of the note, Mr. Lester?"

"No," I answered squarely. "You'll have to go to the police for that. I'm out of the case."

He bowed across the table to me with a little laugh. As I looked at him his imperturbable good humor touched me.

"I'll tell you one thing, though," I added; "the writer of the note knew nothing of Rogers' color blindness. You're off the scent there."

"I am?" he asked amazedly.

Established by Franklin in 1734.

**The Mercury.**

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.  
Office Telephone 181  
House Telephone 1040**Saturday, October 13, 1906.**

Bryan Presidential prospects seem to be at a low ebb just now. For his own glory and the success of his party he came home two years too soon.

Herald Washington special says that President Roosevelt plans a tax on legacies and incomes and contemplates such an act by next Congress.

The rousing reception given Senator Wetmore at the Republican State Convention on Thursday shows that the people are with him, and that they will see to it that men are sent to the General Assembly who will re-elect him.

At the Republican caucus held in Hopkinton the other night, the Hon. Elmer C. Stillman, for many years Senator from that town, offered strong resolutions endorsing the Hon. Geo. Peabody Wetmore and favoring his re-election. They were adopted with great enthusiasm.

The Democrats of Massachusetts were given the cold chillis this week, when its Dolly Varden candidate for Governor, Moran, refused to run on the platform endorsing Bryan. He had to be dealt with severely and finally he succumbed and promised to be good, and run on the Democratic platform, Bryan and all.

Hearst in New York, Moran in Massachusetts, and Bryan at large, as the leaders of the Democratic party, show what straits they have been driven for material. The Democratic party of old is gone. In its place we see the representatives of socialism, anarchism, repudiationism, and all other kinds of heresy.

There has probably not been a week in the last five years when the wages of some group of men somewhere in the United States have not been increased. The Census Bulletin showing the progress in manufacturing in 1905 as compared with 1900 gives the increase in number of wage-earners as 16 per cent., while the increase in wages in just doubled, or 82 per cent.

Hoke Smith, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia, who proposed if elected, to disfranchise all the negroes in his State, in a long address the other day stated that the "negroes are irresponsible and when left in idleness are prone to crime. We must exhaust all legal means to save negroes from idleness." Now there is no need of devising any new measures in the South to keep the negroes out of idleness. All the work that is done there is done by the colored people. No white man was ever known to work south of Mason and Dixon's line, if a colored man could be found in the vicinity.

The elegant picture of the new hotel in the MERCURY window shows a building which is just what Newport needs. Such a hotel as this plan represents would be a credit to the city as well as a lasting benefit. The house here represented is modern in every respect; the floor plans show every convenience that can possibly be desired. The universal comment is that it is a beautiful design. Such a hotel can and we believe will be built, and when built and managed on a liberal plan will mark a new era for Newport. As soon as a few more details are completed so that something positive can be had in regard to location, cost and so forth, the people will be given a chance to show how much they want such a hotel.

The bureau of the census estimates the per capita public debt on June 30, 1903, at \$35.49. This includes the debts of the national government, states and territories, counties and parishes, cities, and all other minor civil divisions. The total debt of all these classes at the close of the period covered by the census was \$2,789,207,483, as against \$2,028,703,238 for the preceding decade. There was a marked increase during the period from 1890 to 1902 in the indebtedness of cities, villages, towns and other minor civil divisions, the aggregate outstanding in 1902 being more than four times as great as in 1870, with a per capita averaging \$18.24, or more than twice that of 1870.

The great hue and cry made by the Democratic papers of this State at the "iniquity of the Republican party" in not passing resolutions endorsing Senator Wetmore at its State convention falls to the ground when it is known that the great majority of the Republican candidates for Senators and Representatives already nominated are for Senator Wetmore and will vote for him if they are elected. As we have said many times before, there is no serious division in the Republican ranks over the United States Senatorship. There is only one avowed candidate in the field and that is Senator Wetmore.

The Democratic or semi-Democratic papers have announced numerous other candidates that they would like to have the Republicans put up, so as to aid in the election of their man, but the Republican party is in the habit of making its own nominations and running its own affairs. No other candidate has been put forward by any number of Republicans and when the proper time comes Senator Wetmore will be again chosen to represent this State in the United States Senate and will have the entire Republican vote.

**Gov. Utter Again.**

The Republican State Convention Does Its Work Unanimously and Well—Not a Dissenting Voice—The Old State Ticket Re-nominated, and ex-Gov. Dyer and Hon. Adin B. Capron Put in the Race for Congress—The Convention is Dotted.

The Republicans of Rhode Island in State Convention assembled on Thursday did up their business with neatness and despatch. There was a full delegation present from every town and city and enthusiasm was unbounded. There was not a ripple of contention, but everything was harmonious and unanimous. Harry P. Cross of Providence presided. The delegates from this County were:

Newport—Robert Kerr, Frank P. Gladding, Armistead Hurley, A. K. McMahon, Robert C. Bacheller, Charles F. D. Fayerweather, F. R. Warden, William A. Andrews, M. A. Van Horne, William F. Adams, Robert Guash, William F. Robinson, James McLeish, J. F. Allen, Edward Rawson.

Middletown—Arthur L. Peckham, Cornelius Sullivan, Isaac N. Dennis, James R. Chase, Walter S. Barker, Edward A. Brown.

Pawtucket—James E. Sherman, Earl H. Peckham, Benjamin C. Anthony, William T. H. Bowles, John M. Eldredge, George I. Anthony.

New Shoreham—J. Eugene Littlefield, Jeremiah Logue, Henry K. Littlefield, L. B. Mott, Percival Rose, J. B. Mitchell.

Jamestown—William F. Caswell, Charles E. Weedon, Frederic Anthony.



GOVERNOR GEORGE H. UTTER.

John J. Watson, Isaac H. Clarke, Amos L. Peckham.

Tiverton—Samuel F. Stewart, John Carpenter, Jr., Andrew M. Cory, George A. Brown, Arthur S. Rose, Adoniram King.

Little Compton—Abraham Mauchester, George T. Howard, Charles H. Ward, Everett G. Mauchester, Nathaniel Church, Charles E. Briggs.

The old State ticket was re-nominated with great enthusiasm. It is as follows:

Governor—George H. Utter, Westerly.

Lieutenant-Governor—Frederick H. Jackson, Providence.

Secretary of State—Charles P. Bennett, Providence.

Attorney-General—William B. Greenough, Providence.

General Treasurer—Walter A. Read, Gloucester.

The committee on resolutions, of which C. F. D. Fayerweather, of this city, was a member, reported a platform, which was adopted without dissent. It was, in substance, as follows:

The Republican party of Rhode Island announces its adherence to the policy and principles of the national organization, as exemplified by the achievements of the Fifty-ninth Congress and by the statesmanlike utterances of that pre-eminent leader, President Theodore Roosevelt. We express our unqualified approval of the labor of our Republican Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

The attitude of the Republican party of this State in the question of protection cannot be better expressed than in the words of President Roosevelt: "We stand unequivocally for a protective tariff. But whenever a given rate or schedule becomes evidently disadvantageous to the nation, because of the changes which go on from year to year in our conditions, and where it is feasible to change this rate or schedule without too much dislocation of the system, it will be done; while a general revision of the rates and schedules will be undertaken whenever it shall appear to the sober business sense of our people that, on the whole, the benefits to be derived from making such changes will outweigh the disadvantages."

The legislation of the Fifty-ninth Congress demonstrates that when a reform is really needed the Republican party can be relied upon to enact such practical measures as will accomplish the desired results without harm to honest industry and without disturbances to lawful enterprise. We confidently assert that the anti-trust law, together with the railway rate bill, furnish effective remedies for all of the evils springing from corporate greed, without embarking upon the dangerous and pernicious experiment of governmental ownership.

As the Democratic party has become the victim of the demagogue and the doctrinaire, the task of preserving our most cherished institutions falls to the Republican party. We extend to all patriotic Democrats a cordial invitation to join with the Republican party in overthrowing the heresy of Socialism which has engraffed itself upon the Democratic party. We appeal to all the voters of Rhode Island to send to the national Legislature Republican Congressmen to sustain the President in the completion of the magnificent work which he has so well begun.

Realizing the national danger arising from the alarming growth of mob and lynch law in some parts of our country, engendered by race hatred, we hereby declare our deepest sympathy for all innocent victims of mob violence and demand the prompt and adequate punishment of mob instigators and leaders; and we insist upon the just and equal protection of the civil and political rights of all citizens without regard to race, creed, or color.

For a full half-century the Republican party has controlled the Government of Rhode Island. During that time a wonderful development and a phenomenal prosperity have come to the whole country. That our State has shared liberally in the results of

such development and prosperity is evidenced on every hand.

We confidently call attention to the character, honesty and efficiency of our trusted public servants, concerning whom no accusation of unfairness or dishonesty has been or can be made.

Especially do we commend the energetic and efficient administration of George H. Utter and his impartial and vigorous enforcement of law.

A eloquent address was delivered by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts. U. S. Senator George Peabody Wetmore was present and received a rousing applause.

In the District Conventions, Hon. Eliza Dyer was nominated for Congress in the first district, and Hon. Adin B. Capron was re-nominated in the second district.

The harmony and unanimity that prevailed throughout both conventions augurs well for the success of the party in November. The men nominated are all tried and faithful officials. They have served their State well in every position in which they have been placed. They have had long experience and are perfectly familiar with the duties of the positions to which they are to be elected next month.

**Falsehood Exposed.**

The papers in this State hostile to the Republican party have published in the last two months many columns, charging the members of the General Assembly with ignoring a petition which they claimed was signed by ten thousand working men of this State asking for the passage of an eight-hour law. Based on this assumed action of the Republican majority in the Assembly many unions have passed resolutions condemning the Republican party and pledging support to the Democratic opponents. The injustice of such action and the falsehood of the charges are clearly shown by the following letter from the chairman of the committee to which all such petitions are referred:

September 24, 1906.  
Col. Harold J. Gross, Chairman Republican State Central Committee, Providence, R. I.

Dear Sir—In reply to your inquiry concerning a petition to the General Assembly from a Typographical Union, enclosed by my signature, respecting the amendment of laws which would require an "eight-hour" day, and requesting a legislative hearing, I beg to say that to my knowledge, there was no such petition nor can I find any trace of it.

I am aware that there has been considerable irresponsible talk purporting to show a petition and a resolution of the House committee on special legislation to grant a hearing, although requested to do so by 10,000 citizens. As a matter of fact, no request was ever made for a public hearing by any number of persons, the only expression of such a wish coming, verbally, from an individual member of the House.

The only request that the General Assembly has made thus far is to take into consideration this point before renewing a contract with E. L. Freeman & Sons, which expires in the near future." It urged no legislation and asked for no hearing.

This petition was endorsed by 978 signatures of persons and firms, more than half of them were without any address or other means of identification, and by officers of six unions or lodges.

The stories which I have seen in certain papers about the refusal of the committees on special legislation to accede to the request of 10,000 workingmen for a public hearing are absolutely false. There is not a par with all other railroads in this country on our legislators originated for partisan purposes.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) ROSELL B. BUCHARD,

Chairman committee on special legislation.  
P. S. I enclose a copy of the report of F. A. Jones, clerk of the committee.

Copied.

Sept. 21, 1906.

Hon. Roswell B. Buchard, Little Compton, R. I.

My dear Mr. Buchard—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter with me gone over, with the following result:

Number of names with addresses, 480

Number of names without addresses, 3

Number of firm names, 3

Total names, 978

Number of unions with seal, 8

Number of unions without seal, 1

Total names of individuals, firms and unions, 684

I enclose typewritten copy of the printed matter appearing at the top of the petitions. If there is any further information you want on this line please let me hear from you.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) FREDERICK A. JONES, Clerk.

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Sept. 21, 1906.

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My dear Mr. Buchard—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter with me gone over, with the following result:

Number of names with addresses, 480

Number of names without addresses, 3

Number of firm names, 3

Total names, 978

Number of unions with seal, 8

Number of unions without seal, 1

Total names of individuals, firms and unions, 684

I enclose typewritten copy of the printed matter appearing at the top of the petitions. If there is any further information you want on this line please let me hear from you.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) FREDERICK A. JONES, Clerk.

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**FROLIC'S FREIGHT**

Larger Part of Smuggled Chinamen Are at Liberty

**EIGHTEEN UNDER ARREST**

Capture of Long-Sought Yacht Reveals Gigantic Conspiracy—Canada Is a Way-Station For Mongolians Direct From China

Providence, Oct. 11.—Eighteen Chinamen arrested after the capture by the United States immigration authorities of the schooner yacht Frolie, for which revenue cutters have been searching along the New England coast for the last two weeks, were arraigned last evening before United States Commissioner Cross and were held for examination next Wednesday. Bail was set at \$1000 in each case.

All the arrested men pleaded not guilty, and declared through an interpreter that they had been in the United States before, but that their certificates of residence had been lost, some in New York city and others in the far San Francisco. This declaration contradicted a statement alleged to have been made by John C. Lehman, of Boston, one of the men arrested for complicity in the smuggling operations, that the Chinamen brought by the Frolie from Canada came to that country direct from China.

Edward Junkins of Boston and William A. Duncan of Somerville, Mass., who were arrested as members of the crew of the Frolie, and Lehman, who was captured on shore, where he is said to have been engaged in an effort to dispose of the smuggled Chinamen, were not arraigned.

Twenty-four of the Chinese passengers of the Frolie are believed to be in hiding in the Chinese quarter of this city, and immigration inspectors have been making a search of the quarter,

A gigantic conspiracy, engineered by an organized gang, among them two Boston men of some prominence, to smuggle Chinamen into the United States, is revealed in the capture of the Frolie. When asked how the smugglers had succeeded in so long evading the officials, Lehman said: "That's easy. Most places in New England are fixed, and we don't have any trouble."

"Why, a ship went into Boston harbor not very long ago and landed 21 Chinamen," said Lehman. "The man who had charge of the Boston end of the game met the Chinamen, put them on board a street car and took them across the city to Chinatown."

Painted black and rigged up to resemble a fisherman, the 50-foot vessel, with 42 Chinamen packed aboard, which the captain wished to land in this country, ran into the Providence river.

All of the human freight was landed and but for an accidental discovery of 16 of the Chinamen in a party they would have escaped. The police are looking for Captain Colby.

John C. Lehman of Boston, who was arrested for complicity in the smuggling, and who is said to be a brother of the agent of the Frolie, made this statement:

"I got a notice from my brother to come to Providence and register at the Narragansett hotel as J. C. Lehman. I was not told what the job was to be or what would be expected of me. But I knew in a general way. I supposed that I was merely to come here and wait till someone came and gave me further instructions."

"I waited here till last Friday without hearing anything and thought I would go back to Boston. I stayed around, however, till Tuesday night, when I was accosted by a man who turned out to be Captain Colby. I had never seen him before, but he recognized me, he said, by my resemblance to my brother."

"Colby and I went to the Frolie and took ashore 12 Chinamen, each of us looking out for six of them. We got them ashore all right and left them in the Chinese quarter on Empire street."

"We returned to the Frolie in the darkness and started ashore again with a second batch of 12 Chinamen. Then things began to look bad. I did not like the way the Chinamen began to act. They seemed terrified."

"Right in the streets they would run up to any man we might meet and actually cling to him, babbling away as though scared and wanting protection."

"We attracted more and more attention, even though it was dark and we were keeping off the main streets. I suddenly made up my mind to get out, and I did so. I left Colby and the 12 Chinamen in the street and hustled down the trolley tracks. It was raining then, but I walked as far as Lakewood in the rain. Then I took trolley to Oakland Beach. By that time I had had a chance to think and had collected myself. I decided to get back to Boston as quickly and quietly as I could. I boarded a car for Providence, but was arrested the minute I landed there."

**Ames Surrenders**

Boston, Oct. 12.—The chief development of yesterday in the Chinese smuggling case was the surrender of Alfred Ames, the Scotch Boston boy, who shipped some weeks ago on the Frolie to go, as he supposed, according to his story, on a mineralogical expedition and pleasure trip.

A close lookout is being maintained for Captain Colby of the Frolie, and for John C. Lehman, who alone of the native workers in the scheme remain at large. Developments are expected today.

**Possible Trace of Clerk White**

Detroit, Oct. 12.—The Detroit police have been asked to search for John D. White, city clerk of Chicago, Mass., who disappeared from his home Aug. 25 and has not been heard from since. White has a cousin in this city and she has notified the police that she has an intuition that White is in this city.

**MAGOON AND BELL**

**Cuban Affairs Will Be Placed In Their Hands**

**FUNSTON COMING HOME**

**Moderates Say He Deserts Them In War to Throw Off Spanish Yoke—Will Return With Taft and Bacon Next Saturday**

Havana, Oct. 11.—General Funston will not continue in command of the American forces in Cuba. Governor Taft announced last night that Funston will return home on Saturday on the battleship Louisiana with Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon. The affairs of Cuba will then be left in the hands of Governor Magoon and General Bell. In explaining this change of plans, Taft said:

"General Funston was summoned on a hasty call from the Pacific coast because he was well acquainted with many of the insurgent chiefs here and it was thought he could aid us, as he did greatly, in bringing the men in arms to an agreement. Funston was put temporarily in command of the troops in Cuba merely as a convenience until Bell should arrive."

Governor Taft's especial confidence in the chief of the general staff's ability to carry out the program the governor has initiated resulted in the decision to continue him in the island. Many Cubans of the faction to which Mendez Capote and others who organized the Moderate party belong were outspoken against Funston, alleging that he had deserted them in the war to throw off the yoke of Spain. Taft did not take cognizance of this bitterness, as he was familiar with the circumstances under which Funston, at that time, returned to the United States. Funston was then ill and he had the consent to return of General Garcia and other leaders, who appreciated the long service he had given their cause.

**An Amnesty Proclamation**

Havana, Oct. 10.—Charles E. Magoon, the newly appointed provisional governor of Cuba, has arrived in Havana. Coincident with his coming, Governor Taft gave out a general decree proclaiming amnesty not only to the rebels, but to all persons charged with political offenses or crimes in any way connected with the revolution. He also issued orders covering the attitude of the American marines and soldiers toward the people of Cuba. The much-discussed question of the ownership of the horses used by the revolutionists was covered in a special decree issued last night. It is expected that the amnesty proclamation will clear the way for greater freedom of action by Magoon, who will succeed Taft.

While the arrival of the new governor was not attended by any marked demonstration, the Cubans appear to be favorably impressed by his personality.

**The Landing of Troops**

Havana, Oct. 8.—The first landing of American soldiers in the present occupation of Cuba was accomplished with marvelous promptness, and 500 men of the Fifth United States Infantry and 850 men of the Second battalion of engineers are settled under canvas in Camp Columbia. The cruiser Brooklyn arrived here yesterday afternoon with 400 men on board, who will be sent out 400 men on board, who were sent out

Within an hour from the time that the transport Sumner came alongside the railroad wharf yesterday the disembarking had been completed and 850 men had been transported on street cars direct to the camp. Their equipment followed. The movement was so skillfully handled that the men prepared their mid-day meal from their own rations.

**Yellow Fever at Glenfuegos**

Glenfuegos, Oct. 10.—Colonel Barnett has ordered the immediate removal of the American marines from this city on account of the appearance here of yellow fever. The marines were taken on board the ships. The yellow fever patient came from Cruces, where two other cases are reported.

**Failed For Over \$3,000,000**

New York, Oct. 11.—The assignment of J. M. Ceballos & Co., bankers and merchants, with liabilities between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000, is announced in a statement by the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. The statement declares that the failure was due to the defalcation and absconding of Manuel Silveira de Silveira & Co., Havana, agents of the New York company.

**End of Baseball Season**

Chicago, Oct. 8.—The baseball season of both major leagues ended yesterday with games at Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. For the first time since the two big leagues have been organized both championships have come to one city, Chicago being the victor in both leagues.

**Adams Died by Own Hand**

New York, Oct. 10.—Notwithstanding the conviction of Coroner Harburger that "Al" Adams was murdered, the jury at the conclusion of an inquest decided that the former "policy king" came to his death by suicide and rendered a verdict to that effect.

**Life Sentence For Murder**

Hartford, Oct. 10.—The murder trial of Joseph Ferralda, who was accused of killing Joseph Prestin, was brought to a sudden ending when the prisoner pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to state prison for life.

**Schooner Lost, Captain Drowned**

Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 12.—While Mrs. Thomas Simpson of Oak Bridge was absent from home her 5-year-old daughter, Helen, was fatally burned by the child's brother, aged 3. The little fellow found a bunch of matches and accidentally ignited his sister's dress. The little girl died from her injuries. The other child was unharmed.

**Baby Set Sister Afire**

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**SHOT IN THE FACE**

**Farmer's Wife Meets With Almost Instant Death**

**LOOKED OUT A WINDOW**

**Was Met With Charge of Shot—Officials Seeking Brother-In-Law, Who Had Been Inmate of an Insane Asylum**

Winchendon, Mass., Oct. 12.—While preparing supper last night for a party of friends who were visiting her, Mrs. Ira E. Wood, wife of a farmer living at Winchendon Center, was shot in the head by an unknown person who fired a charge of shot from outside through a window. Mrs. Wood lived but 10 minutes after the shot was fired. She had gone to the window to look out because some of her visitors had told her that they had heard a strange noise outside. As she reached the window and looked out a charge of shot struck her in the face.

As soon as possible Deputy Sheriff Callahan and Medical Examiner Sawyer were notified, and a posse of citizens was made up under the direction of Callahan to search for the murderer. Excitement in the village ran high and there were threats of lynching. The deputy sheriff went to the home of Harry Wood, a brother of Ira Wood, who occupies a farmhouse a short distance away from the scene of the shooting, but the man was not at home, and the efforts of Callahan and his assistants to locate him were not successful.

According to Callahan, Harry Wood hired a shotgun a short time ago from H. H. Hammond, who keeps a hardware store and lets firearms. Among his neighbors Harry Wood has been regarded as somewhat lacking mentally, and since the death of his father, who lived with him, not many months ago, it is said that he has been at times under the influence of liquor.

At the moment of the tragedy Ira Wood, the husband, was in his barn assisting in unhooking a horse belonging to E. E. Hayden of Athol, a peddler for a Springfield firm, who intended to stay at the Wood farmhouse for the night. On hearing the shot, Wood and Hayden rushed into the house and found Mrs. Wood lying on the floor of the dining room with the lower part of her face shot away.

One of Mrs. Wood's guests was Mrs. Clara Hobbs of Worcester, and Mrs. Hobbs was standing within a few feet of Mrs. Wood and close by the window when the shot was fired. She said that Mrs. Wood, attracted by a sound outside, stepped to the window, but had no time to see who was there when the shot was fired.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wood have been prominent socially and have been active in the affairs of the Baptist church. They had been married about eight years and have a daughter, Esther, aged 6. Mrs. Wood was about 35 years of age. She came to this town from Detroit.

Harry Wood had been an inmate of an insane asylum. The officers last night searched the dense woods in the vicinity of Harry Wood's home, believing that the man was hiding there. The search was discontinued about 10 o'clock and was resumed at daylight today.

**Joke, Jealousy and Double Crime**

Brooklyn, W. Va., Oct. 10.—As the result of a joke on his wife Charles Smith, mayor of this town, is believed to be dying and Mrs. Smith is also probably fatally wounded. Smith had Elbert Medley dress up as a woman and call him out to the gate. Mrs. Smith, maddened by jealousy, shot her husband and then shot herself.

**Handled a Live Wire**

Salem, Mass., Oct. 8.—John W. Cody, 13 years old, was electrocuted in front of his home last night by handling a live wire, supposed to have been an electric light wire. The boy, seeing a broken wire dangling from a pole, seized hold of it and was immediately knocked to the ground. He died without regaining consciousness.

**Weavers Object to New Looms**

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 10.—Fifty weavers in the E. B. Thayer woolen mill, Valley Falls, have struck, claiming that new looms put in operation by the company recently reduce the earning capacity of the weavers 15 percent. Superintendent Arthur declines to make a statement in the absence of the owner in New York.

**Draper's Name Not Mentioned**

Boston, Oct. 10.—Governor Guild was indorsed and the rest of the Republican state ticket were recommended to the voters of the state by the committee of 100 on reciprocal trade which met here. Eugene N. Foss and others objected to the mention of Lieutenant Governor Draper by name.

**Cornwell Admits His Guilt**

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 11.—George W. Cornwell, charged with the theft 22 months ago from Mrs. Johanna Lumpkin of bonds and jewels, amounting to \$11,000, caused a sudden ending to the trial which began here yesterday by pleading guilty. Cornwell will be sentenced today.

**Inclined For Son's Death**

Barrington, Mass., Oct. 10.—The grand jury convened here and brought in an indictment of manslaughter against Arthur S. Hoxie, charged with assaulting and beating his 4-year-old son, Arthur C., and causing his death. Hoxie pleaded not guilty.

**Schooner Lost, Captain Drowned**

New London, Conn., Oct. 12.—During a heavy southeast gale schooner Ella Powell capsized and sank in The Race, and now lies in about 70 feet of water with only her topmast visible above the surface. Captain Clark was drowned, but the only other man aboard, Nelson Mack, was rescued by Captain Hunt in a wrecking tug.

**Was Political Selection.**

In these harvest time days the man who pauses to look around him must be impressed by the general air of well-being and prosperity which prevails everywhere. It is a wonderful country and this is a wonderfully prosperous period. There is work for every man who wants to work; there is a dollar for every digger, and more too, and no class of the population is without some share in the general distribution of good fortune. Did it ever occur to you that this growing condition may be due to the enforcement of economic policies, the result of wise political selection? If that thought has not occurred, just let your mind run back a few years and contrast the situation under another and different regime of economics. Take it when Democratic policies were in effect and the Democratic party was in power.

Factories were idle, men were out of work, railroads were laying off crews, farmers had no market for their products and prices were down. Everybody felt the pinch of hard times in greater or less degree, according to their resources. Even the rich man was less rich, and as for the poor man he wasn't anywhere. The Democratic party was in power, however, and Democratic policies were being tried. Note the difference the moment the Republicans gained the ascendancy. The bare prospect of Republican rule, and Republican policies, caused better times. Merchants began to lay in stock, factories brushed up and got ready to run, railroads felt the stimulus and called their laid off crews back again. People began to eat more, and the farmers found sale for their products. This was actually the advance of the Republican Administration.

When the Republican Party finally came into full power and passed the economic laws, business hummed and it has been humming ever since. The Republican Party assured the maintenance of the honest dollar and guaranteed the workingman a chance to earn it. That is about the sum and substance of Republican economic policies.

The question comes up this Fall whether you will continue your support of these policies, or whether you are tired of prosperity and would like to try a change. Before you decide to change, just let your mind run back to the days of Democratic rule of only a few years ago, and then draw your own conclusion.

"I know a man who is very rich, who is worth probably \$100,000,000, and he is growing old," says John D. Rockefeller. "He has no interest in anything but business. It is too late for him to develop other tasks. I am especially thankful that I learned early to take an interest in other fields than business. I regard it as of the greatest importance that the man of business should guard against his business monopolizing him to the exclusion of all other fields of life." He added that he had not entered the New York offices at 20 Broadway in eight years.

After several months' vacation the Middletown fire bug has apparently begun work again. Last Sunday a haystack on Biles road was destroyed by fire without visible cause. The fire was discovered about three o'clock Sunday morning after a drenching rain had been falling.

**AGONIZING ITCHING BURNING ECZEMA****Affected Whole System—Could Not Sleep Nights—Lost Flesh and All Run Down—Advised By a Friend to Try Cuticura and Now Gladly Recommends****CUTICURA REMEDIES TO ALL SUFFERERS**

"I write you to say I am cured of eczema, and can say that I owe it to the Cuticura Remedies, and I gladly recommend them to all suffering from any form of eczema. For four long months I suffered agony and a itching and burning feeling which affected my whole system, so as I could not sleep nights, and I did not care to go into public, as I would have no ease. I lost flesh and was all run down. I tried everything I could think of and also everything that was advertised, but got no relief, until I was advised by a friend to try Cuticura, which I did, and can truthfully say I got immediate relief. I would gladly recommend Cuticura to any one suffering as I did with eczema, and can verify my statement by members and also intimate friends of my family. I trust that this testimonial may be of some benefit to persons suffering with any skin disease." Chester A. Bailey, 260A Highland Avenue, Oct. 17, 1905, Somerville, Mass.

**CURED AT EXPENSE OF 75¢.**

"When an infant I had a bad humor on my head, for which I was treated with Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now I have a good head of hair and the humor is entirely gone. I only required one box of Ointment and one cake of Soap to effect a cure. I send this with my permission to publish." Miss Iza McNaughton, Milo, Me., June 13, 1905.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for every Head, from Infancy to Old Age, Cuticura Soap, 25¢; Ointment, 25¢; Resin, 25¢; (In form of Chocolate Control Pill, 25¢ per vial); may be had at all druggists, all drug stores,

## Mark Twain Turned Down.

(From Mark Twain's Autobiography in the North American Review.)

My experiences as an author began early in 1867. I came to New York from San Francisco in the first month of that year and presently Charles H. Webb, whom I had known in San Francisco as a reporter on The Bulletin, and afterward editor of the California, suggested that I publish a volume of sketches. I had but a slender reputation to publish it on, but I was charmed and excited by the suggestion and quite willing to venture it if some judicious person would see me the trouble of gathering the sketches together. I was loath to do it myself, for from the beginning of my sojourn in this world there was a persistent vacuity in me where the industry ought to be. ("Ought to was," is better, perhaps, than "most of the authorities differ us to this.)

Webs said I had some reputation in the Atlantic States, but I knew quite well that it must be of a very attenuated sort. What there was of it rested upon the story of "The Jumping Frog." When Artemus Ward passed through California on a lecturing tour in 1865 or '66, I told him the "Jumping Frog" story, in San Francisco, and he asked me to write it out and send it to his publisher, Carleton, in New York, to be used in padding out a small book which Artemus had prepared for the press and which needed some more stuffing to make it big enough for the price which was to be charged for it.

Webb had made an appointment for me with Carleton; otherwise I never should have gotten over that frontier. Carleton rose and said brusquely and aggressively:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book for publication. He began to swell, and went on swelling and swelling and swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere. Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand, which comprehended the whole room and said:

"Books—look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are waiting for publication. Do I want any more? Excuse me I don't. Good morning."

Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. I was then sojourning with my family at the Schweizerhof in Luzerne. He called on me, shook hands cordially, and said at once, without any preliminaries:

"I am substantially an obscure person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal dimensions that it entitles me to immortality—to wit; I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century."

It was a most handsome apology, and I told him so, and said it was a long delayed revenge, but was sweeter to me than any other that could be devised; that during the lapsed twenty-one years I had in fancy taken his life several times every year, and always in new and increasingly cruel and inhuman ways, but that now I was pacified, appeased, happy, even jubilant; and that thenceforth I should hold him my true and valued friend and never kill him again.

**Didn't Know Wife's Purse.**

In response to an advertisement printed in a local paper two women called on J. H. Noble, a grocer of Oak Park, the other day, and claimed a pocket-book which he had found in his store. Before the grocer had time to solve the puzzling problem his wife entered the store and seized the purse, exclaiming: "Why, that's mine. Where did you get it?"

The two other women left the store without further argument.

"I hope, John, you will consult me after this before you try to give my money away," Mrs. Noble said to her husband. "You ought to know your wife's pocketbook."

**Well-Timed.**

"That was a great sermon you preached this morning," said the old church warden, "and it was well timed, too."

"Yes," rejoined the person, with a deep sigh. "I noticed that."

"Noticed what?" asked the puzzled warden.

"That several of the congregation looked at their watches frequently," answered the good man, with another deep sigh.—Tit-Bits.

The Rev. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ was by many considered somewhat tedious in his delivery. On one occasion after being booked to preach at a camp meeting, he was caught in a sudden shower. He appeared at the appointed time quite wet.

As he was excusing himself to the camp manager, a waggish clerical brother said:

"Oh, go on up in the pulpit. You'll soon be dry enough there." Bohemian.

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time grew impatient at the slow progress she was making, and consulted her doctor.

"Madam, I can never cure you of your throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a complete rest," said the medico.

"Oh, doctor," objected the patient, "talking can't affect me! I'm very careful. I never use harsh language!"

Mrs. Johnson—Do you think that sending Edith to the cooking classes has done her any good?

Mrs. Johnson—Certainly it has.

Mrs. Johnson—But, then, the things she cooks are so uneatable that we just have to give them away to the tramps at the door.

Mrs. Johnson—Well, haven't you noticed that we have almost entirely got rid of the tramps?

"What! Fishing on the Sabbath?" exclaimed the clergyman, reprovingly.

"Don't you know that little boys who fish on the Sabbath go to the bad place?"

"Hub! I guess dat's right," replied the bad boy, disgustedly. "I couldn't 'a' struck no worse place dan dis!"—Phil. Prent.

Hubby—The new cook seems very religious.

Wifey—What makes you think so?

Hubby—Everything she sends in seems to be a burnt offering.—Chicago Tribune.

**CASTORIA.**

Bear the Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature *Castor Fletcher*

**THE PINK KIMONO.**

By ZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

It lay on the massive settee in the hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly, as the hall boy had placed them, also his weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, coat and gloves and carried the whole lot, parcel, letters and paper, into the comfortable study and dropped into a deep chair.

There was an hour before the crowd would arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 sharp. He hoped Stanton would be able to get away. He liked Stanton.

The boy needed a good friendly grip just now. He knew himself what it was to be in New York a stranger. Money could not give one the password that admitted one to the inside of things, the "getting next to the fitness of all," as Stanton said. And if the right path did not open, and one happened to be lonely, there were others bold and welcoming. Warwick knew.

The boy was young and clever. The only thing that ailed him was too much money, and the confidence he had therein. He was a bit handy with it—all the whirl and the swing and the chance for big success. Warwick had kept an eye on him for weeks, measuring and judging him, and now he was satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win out.

Warwick opened the weekly paper from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Visitor. Ever since he could remember the Weekly Visitor had visited regularly at the quiet, big gray house that crowned Warwick's hill, up in Hillsboro, N. H. And Stanton was from the country, too, some place out west, out in Nebraska. He wondered if he had a weekly paper, too, to keep him in touch with the old world, and the ethics and standards of something besides New York.

The letters were unimportant. He took up the parcel and slipped off the cord. Laundry probably. He had not ordered anything.

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. It was a pink, delicate, shimmering, silken thing. He stood up and shook it out to its full length. It reached to the floor. It was not a bath robe. It could not possibly be a smoking jacket. It was a woman's garment, unmistakably.

The texture was the softest Japanese crêpe, the silk interwoven around the sleeves and neck in a border of golden butterflies. There was no mark on it nor on the paper. Warwick looked carefully.

"Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the address of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived there!"

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie, you blessed kid!"

Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stanton kissed Marjorie ecstatically. Warwick looked unhappy.

"Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little brother."

"Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the address of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived there!"

"That's Warwick," Interposed Stanton. "He's a bully fellow."

Warwick bowed. Suddenly he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska.

"So we came right here from the depot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here, because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering it. We have the apartment just across the hall."

"Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced. You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay."

Decorously and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother and to Stanton's home, and Stanton knew he was accepted and admitted forever to the "fitness of things."

But Warwick sat in a corner watching Marjorie make tea, tea from his teapot, which the Jap servant had brought over, and over the back of her chair hung the pink silk kimono. He was wondering how she would look in it.

"Sugar?" she asked. "One or two, Mr. Warwick?"

"Two," said Warwick, with a half suppressed sigh. "Say, do you know Marj—Miss Stanton, I'm awfully glad you're a brunette, with gray eyes."

"Why?" Marjorie's head bent lower over the teapot. Tea making does require so much careful attention.

"Because," said Warwick, "pink is so becoming to that type."

"And to Mr. Yates' type, too," laughed Marjorie, but her face was flushed as she slipped the pink kimono around her, over her gray traveling suit, and poured the tea à la Japanese for the crowd, and for Warwick.

**The First Bathing Machine.**

There does not seem to be much doubt that the first bathing machine was seen at Margate and that it was the invention of a worthy Quaker named Beale, who placed his hopeful invention on the Margate beach in 1790. "The public are obliged to Benjamin Beale, one of the people called Quakers, for the invention," writes the author of "A Short Description of the Isle of Thanet," published in 1790.

But it was the old story, the public became grateful after the inventor had been ruined by his enterprise. His successors had reaped the harvest.

Old Benjamin Beale's widow could remember in her last days the first family that ever resorted to Margate for the purpose of bathing being carried into the sea in a covered cart. In 1803 Beale's machines were one of the institutions of Margate. It was alarmingly claimed for them that "they may be driven to any depth into the sea by careful guides."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

**In Place of Tobacco.**

Coltsfoot or the leaves of lettuce, being slightly narcotic, would form a harmless make believe for the good folk who persuade themselves that they could not sleep a wink were they deprived of their evening comfort.

Agés ago both Greeks and Romans, according to Dioscorides and Pliny, found comfort in smoking through a reed or pipe the dried leaves of coltsfoot, which relieved them of old coughs and difficult breathing. And as to lettuce, it has been famous since the time of Galen (Claudius Galenus), who asserts that he found relief from sleeplessness by taking it at night.

"Honeymoon!" Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not dreamed the boy had gone so far.

"No, not as bad as that," Stanton hesitated, glancing at the noisy, riotous crowd about the place. "It's my sister. Mother's sent her on to take care of me until she can come herself. I guess they didn't get very good accounts of their little boy in Manhattan. But I wrote home and told them

about you and what sort of a chap you were and how you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to cut out the hotel and—well, a whole lot of things mother didn't like the flavor of, and today!"

"Whoopie!" yelled Yates from the dressing room. "I've found Warry's tablecloth. It's a dream!"

Warwick sat up and dropped his cigarette, Waltzing dizzily, radiantly, wickedly out from the dressing room came Yates, arrayed in the pink silk kimono. There was a silence, then a long drawn howl of delight from the crowd. They caught Yates in their arms, and swept him up on the center table. They hoisted him a Samoan fan of dyed plumes and a Mexican peaked hat. Trainor at the piano crashed into the "Sun Toy" overture. And suddenly Warwick stood up white and mad, mad clear through that they should dare even in jest to touch anything that belonged to the dear, unknown girl, the brunette with the gray eyes.

"Take that off!" he said.

The music stopped short, but not from his words. Every face in the crowd was turned toward the door of the hall, and Yates looked helpless and miserable. Warwick turned, too, and held his breath. She stood in the doorway, one hand lifting aside the heavy drapery. Behind her was George, the colored hall boy. Her face looked startled, and yet there was amusement, too, in the wide gray eyes, as they glanced from face to face and finally rested on Yates.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said gently. "George tells me a parcel of mine was left here tonight. I have only moved here today, and he made a mistake. I think gentleman has on my kimono."

Wretched, limp and apologetic, Yates was assisted from the table, and directed to the pink silk gown.

"I am sorry to spoil your amusement—" she stopped, and turned her head toward Warwick as the host, when all at once her eyes met Stanton's.

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie, you blessed kid!"

Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stanton kissed Marjorie ecstatically. Warwick looked unhappy.

"Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little brother."

"Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the address of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived there!"

"That's Warwick," Interposed Stanton. "He's a bully fellow."

Warwick bowed. Suddenly he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska.

"So we came right here from the depot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here, because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering it. We have the apartment just across the hall."

"Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced. You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay."

Decorously and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother and to Stanton's home, and Stanton knew he was accepted and admitted forever to the "fitness of things."

But Warwick sat in a corner watching Marjorie make tea, tea from his teapot, which the Jap servant had brought over, and over the back of her chair hung the pink silk kimono. He was wondering how she would look in it.

"Sugar?" she asked. "One or two, Mr. Warwick?"

"Two," said Warwick, with a half suppressed sigh. "Say, do you know Marj—Miss Stanton, I'm awfully glad you're a brunette, with gray eyes."

"Why?" Marjorie's head bent lower over the teapot. Tea making does require so much careful attention.

"Because," said Warwick, "pink is so becoming to that type."

"And to Mr. Yates' type, too," laughed Marjorie, but her face was flushed as she slipped the pink kimono around her, over her gray traveling suit, and poured the tea à la Japanese for the crowd, and for Warwick.

**The Sponge Fisher.**

He Must Have Strength, a Quick Eye and a Deft Hand.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his water glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and slugs a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached.

This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear.

Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make every sponge fisher a victim of acute rheumatism. Yet, with all his arduous toil, an expert sponge fisher earns not more than \$3 a month besides his keep on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.—Pearson's Weekly.

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**The Emancipation of Milda.**

Her real name was such a pretty one. It seemed a shame to corrupt it into anything else. But Milda she was called, though the entry in the baptismal register of the little country church where her mother had been married read "Millicent Hilda." Quite early in life the nickname had been bestowed upon her, while yet she was displaying a pair of chubby legs beneath her short skirts and her golden hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders. As she grew older the name stuck, as nature will.

Milda's mother was a widow whose husband had died in absolute penury, and the little servant who kept had too much sweeping and cleaning to do ever to turn her hand to needle and thread. So Milda, darning, mended, helped in the work of the little house, and grew into as lovely a maiden as Burne-Jones has ever portrayed, with velvety brown eyes encroaching on hazel; a wide, low brow, over which her hair waved naturally and infinitely, and a pair of crimson lips.

From year to year she grew in beauty, yet at twenty Milda Forde was still awaiting her emancipation.

"But every dog has his day!" she sighed to her mirror one cold afternoon in January. It was Twelfth Night, and she had been asked to a party next door, at which each guest was to appear in fancy dress. "And I suppose I shall get mine if I wait long enough—my day in caps, false teeth and a bath-chair!"

Her dress for the party must be inexpensive, and she had chosen to impersonate the ever-green Cinderella; but even that necessitated stitching, so she took out cotton and began to sew.

The people next door had come down in the world. With a long family and a short purse, it is possible to have fun, but it must be of an inexpensive kind. When Milda and her two brothers arrived there were other guests in various costumes. Rosalie was arm in arm with William Rufus; Amy Roberts took Friar Tuck under her protection; while a clown in calico had decoyed a slim, white-robed Elaine into a corner, whence they emerged under pressure when supper was announced.

Cinderella was dancing with the youngest son of the house, when her hostess touched her arm. "Milda," she said, "is your card full, dear?" Or may I introduce you to the son of a very old friend, Mr. Humphrey Carrington?"

Milda stopped. "My card isn't quite full," she answered, smiling.

And the introduction was effected forthwith.

Young Jack Stone frowned at his mother.

"We are going on again if you don't mind. This is my dance, master," he said, with all the eagerness of a youth of sixteen. And he swept his partner away without waiting to hear more.

It was not till supper was a thing of the past, and after the clock had struck eleven, that Milda found herself whirling round the room with the best waltzer Providence had ever fit to send her. Humphrey Carrington could dance; and Milda forgot the grind of her ordinary everyday life, the dull monotony of mending, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the present. Yesterday was yesterday; tomorrow would be tomorrow, and could take thought for itself, in all its completeness; but today—tonight—was her own—the privilege of her youth.

Cinderella had met the Prince! And the Prince to all appearances had met Cinderella. Mrs. Stone had merely said, "A young friend, Miss Forde, from next door!" She had also called her Milda in his hearing—a most uncommon name, certainly.

Where there's a will, man will find out a way; and Carrington determined to learn all there was to learn about her.

"My name?" she repeated, as he found her a seat in an apparently "undiscovered" room. "Oh, it's Milda—at least that's a corruption of Millicent Hilda! The boys began it!"

"They are evidently of a discerning and artistic character," Carrington replied, laughing, as he waved her fan to and fro. "It's a very pretty nickname!"

Milda opened her hazel eyes wide.

"I had not occurred to me to think about it in that light," she answered, simply. "But I suppose it is nicer than Millicent, which seems dollyish; and Milda, which sounds too clever for me."

A little sigh escaped her lips, and her companion looked at her quizzically.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," he began, but she held up her hand.

"Don't," she pleaded; "it's as backhanded; and such an excuse for laziness at lessons!" Carrington laughed.

"At any rate, it shows what a power for good or ill the tongue!"

"The pen," corrected Milda, with a merry glance. "I doubt if Knigley ever said it to any one, though he wrote it!"

"The pen!" Carrington nodded. "Yes, of course; he was before the days of universal typewriters. Haven't we wandered a little out to a dry subject? Let us get more personal. Do you think your people would have any objection if I were to call?"

Something in his eyes sent the color to Milda's cheeks—or was it something in his voice? But her confusion was only momentary.

"I expect mother would be glad to see you," she returned, gently. "We live next door on the right, No. 10. But, Mr. Carrington, there will be nothing to do. We never entertain."

"You do nothing all day," he suggested with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Nothing?" Milda repeated, quickly. "Oh, I darn stockings all day and every day. I help our one little servant."

"You are, in fact, a veritable Cinderella," he said sympathetically. "Never mind; some day the prince will come and you will be wafted away. You will be emancipated, little Milda!"

Carrington bent forward. Love at first sight had enveloped him as with a mantle; this little Cinderella had crept into his heart. What would he not give to be her prince—her emancipator?

"You want to be emancipated," he went on, "I will show you the way—I will emancipate you! Milda! Little Milda—merry me!"

"How dare you!" she cried, and she looked prettier than ever in her passionate wrath. "Mr. Carrington, how dare you?" And without waiting for the astonished man to reply she escaped from the room.

A clock in the distance struck twelve, the hour for flight. Of course, she had left the house. She would not have been Cinderella if she had stayed.

But in spite of all, Humphrey Carrington made up his mind to call on No. 10 the very next day.

"Yes, of course, Miss Forde, you are

**Castoria.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Signature *Charlotta Fletcher*

to come to the phone with us. You will enjoy it. We're going to have great fun. Mother told you our cousin were coming to town."

It was eighteen months later. In the interval many things had happened.

First of all, Humphrey Carrington had called upon Mrs. Forde, as he had arranged; but the visit was not altogether a success, and he had been obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing Milda again, for she had steadily refused to be present at the interview.

Then, only a short six weeks afterward, Mrs. Forde had fallen ill of pneumonia and died, and Milda went from one lodger to another. Her brothers were placed through the kind offices of friends, and a situation as companion to a blind girl had been procured for Milda. The ensuing months had passed slowly, and now the girl found herself reveling in summer and sunshine and the delights that seaside and country afford in June and July.

Mrs. Marshall lived at a small seaside place with her blind daughter, and during the summer their relatives often came down and took rooms not far off. Her sister's family were down now, and a picnic was in prospect.

Milda's heart sang in unison with all things young and beautiful as they drove to the desired haven. Mrs. Marshall was exceedingly kind to her daughter's pretty companion, and was glad to see her appreciation of simple pleasures.

"Aunt Tommy and the twins and Fred and Edgar are to be there, and they are bringing an old friend who has come down from Saturday to Monday for some fishing," Mrs. Marshall explained to her daughter Ethel, a girl of seventeen. "I forgot his name!"

"How dull, dear!" the blind girl answered, patting her mother's shoulder; "the man without a name! How flattened he would feel!"

"Aunt Tommy did tell me," Mrs. Marshall said, apologetically, "but I can't remember it. Never mind! Here we are!"

Milda sprang from the carriage and had helped the two ladies to get down, when a voice at her elbow caused her to start.

"Miss Forde—you!"

The girl turned round.

There stood Humphrey Carrington with his hand outstretched, and the sight of him brought back to her mind a dimly lit room—a fancy dress dance—the months that had gone since it had all happened.

She laid her little hand in his palm. "I never thought it would be you," she said. "Mrs. Marshall said that Mrs. Hext was bringing a friend to the picnic, but she could not remember his name."

"Do you remember it?" he asked. And somehow it seemed to Milda as though the intervening months rolled back, and left them standing as they had done that evening long ago.

"I ought to!" she answered. Then it struck her that they were somehow separated from their companions, and she has ended her steps.

But Carrington was as cool, as determined, as ever.

"Why such haste?" he asked calmly. "I promised Mrs. Hext to look after Miss Marshall's companion, little dreaming it would be you! Ah, Milda, don't turn away! How can you be unkind when the sun is shining, and the heather is blooming, and the gorse fills the air with such seductive fragrance? I think you've even grown a little thinner since I saw you! Ah, that's right. I did see something more than the back of your ear then!"

He laughed at the embarrassed color which flooded her cheeks.

"I never took you 'No,'" he reminded her, quizzically.

"I never said it!" Milda flashed at him bravely.

"That is promising. Don't please hurry so. I am growing old and fat; the tea, I know, won't be for another half hour at least. Ethel is being looked after by her cousins; the twins have gone off together; Mrs. Tommy and Mrs. Marshall are deep in the latest bit of gossip. Only I am left—unaccompanied. Take pity on me, Milda, take pity on me!"

"I think—" she began, relenting, and slowing down her steps.

"I know it's your duty," he assured her, triumphantly. "There is more in my request than meets the eye. You've tried being companion to a girl, Milda. Won't you try the other thing?"

"The other thing?" Milda frowned at him a little at him, and he laughed at her softly as he caught her hand.

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**Historical and Genealogical.****Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:  
1. Names and dates must be clearly written.  
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.  
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness.  
4. Write on one side of the paper only.  
5. In answer to queries always state the name of the query and the signature.  
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to:  
MISS E. M. WILLEY,  
care Newport Historical Room,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

**NOTES.****MATTHEW WEST**

HIS

**DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES  
WITH  
NEW JERSEY PATENTS.**

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Robert Feake (Feke) married second Sarah, as administration on his estate was given his widow Sarah, June 19, 1669.

Children of Benjamin Field who married Hannah Bowe, and Elizabeth Feake, and Sarah Taylor were: Benjamin, John, Anthony, Joseph, Robert and Hannah b. July 20, 1700, who md. Moh. 9, 1721 Thomas Haviland.

Of these children, Anthony Field, b. in Flushing, N. Y., moved to Hartson's Purchase, Westchester Co. N. Y. and from there moved to Yorktown, same county, N. Y. and died Sept. 2, 1778. He married Aug. 13, 1730, Hannah (Burling) daug. of William Burling of Flushing, N. Y., and of their 9 children was John Field, b. in Westchester Co. N. Y. in 1781, md. at Jamestown, Rhode Island, Lydia (Hazard) daug. of William Hazard of Jamestown, R. I., their marriage on records of Friends of Newport, R. I.

John Field and Lydia (Hazard) children were: Hazard Field, John Field, Josiah Field, Daniel Field, Birdsell Field, Seaman Field, Abigail Field, James Field, Sarah Field, William Burling Field, Moses Field, Abigail Field, Phoebe Field.

The father of Benjamin Field, above-mentioned, was Anthony Field bapt. at Halifax, Moh. 9, 1669, with his brothers Robert and Benjamin. Anthony was in Rhode Island in 1688, he married Susanna, and in 1693, his father, Robert Field, of Bayside, Flushing, N. Y. gave Anthony, by deed, a house lot there, where Anthony remained until his death in or before 1691. Anthony's brother Benjamin Field was made Esquire, by Gov. Nichols, Apr. 22, 1665. Their father, Robert Field, came in 1690, with his relatives and neighbors, Mitchell and Saltonstall, with their minister Rev. Mr. Denton, Robert Field and John Hicks in 1st of Newport, R. I., inhabitants, admitted since 20, 3mo, 1688, and Oct. 1645, Robert Field, Patented of Flushing, N. Y.; he md. (1) Ruth Fairbank of Hopperholme, at Halifax, Nov. 23, 1624; md. (2) Bradford Eng., May 18, 1630, Elizabeth Taylor; md. (3) Charity, who was living in 1673 as his widow.

This Robert Field had a sister Jane Field, bapt. at Halifax, England, Nov. 23, 1655, who md. John Mitchell, of Thornton, Eng. but md. at Halifax, June 10, 1622. The Mitchells, a family of so good a standing their arms, "sable, a chevron between three escutcheons argent" were painted on roof of Halifax church.

Sir Richard Saltonstall and Robert Field were neighbors and connections, as Sir Richard's first wife was Grace Kay, of an ancient Yorkshire family, who claim descent from one of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, while Rosamond, daughter of William Field married Godfrey Kay, and those of the name of Mitchell and of Kay again become marriage connections of those in the record.

The three brothers, William, Robert and John Field early in Rhode Island, as William Field signed a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts concerning Samuel Gorton, dated at Providence, R. I.

Robert and Jane Field and seven other children had William Field of Sowerby Parish of Halifax in 1591 for their father, who married June 1, 1591 Susan, daughter of John Midgley of New Ouran, Halifax; William Field made his will Nov. 10, 1619, in son of William Field of Great Horton, Parish of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, who married Janet, she buried in Bradford church, Yorkshire, Eng. June 14, 1612 and he buried there May 23, 1599. The last William Field, son of John Field of Horton, Shropshire, North Wran in West Riding of Yorkshire, England.

The above-mentioned brothers Anthony and Robert Field, each with a wife named Susanna, each had a son Benjamin, cousins, and Anthony's son Benjamin had son John, who md. Elizabeth Wooley, as has been given, and Robert's son Benjamin Field md. Experience (Allen) Field, of Jedediah, Ralph George, mention in MERCURY, Issue of July 2, 1884. They had a son Robert Field, b. Jan. 6, 1694, second cousin to John Field whom Elizabeth Wooley, Benjamin and Experience married May 20, 1692, he born at Newtown L. I., went to Shrewsbury and in 1690 to Chesterfield, settled near present Bordentown, but his first child Robert Field was born at Flushing, N. Y., June 6, 1694, md. in 1721, Mary (Taylor), born Moh. 31, 1700 daughter of Samuel and Susanna Taylor, Dec. 18, 1721, Nathan Allen (brother of Experience) of Monmouth Co., gent, for 600 pounds, conveys to Robert Field of Burlington, cooper, a certain plantation in Burlington, which now is Fieldsboro, New Jersey. The other children of Benjamin and Experience (Allen) Field, learned from will of Benjamin, made May 18, 1702, of Burlington, N. J., wife Experience sole executrix; mentions children Robert, Benjamin, Susanna, Elizabeth, and an expected child; mentions his mother Susanna Field, mentions the 800 acres in Burlington Co., adjoining John Adams, and 2400 acres above the Falls of Delaware, and 200 acres of a farm sold to brother Ambrose Field and received.

Witnesses—Samuel Jennings, Edward Hunlocke, Ann Jennings, Mary Wheat. Proved and letters testamentary granted Nathan Allen, trustee and executor of Experience Field, for Experience made her will May 30, 1702 mentions the same children; gives a legacy to Joseph, son of Isaac and Susannah (Field) Marrott of Burlington. Executors—brother Nathan Allen and brother-in-law Isaac Marrott; Edward Rockhill to take place of executor, if

one of them named should die. Fairly Jedediah Allen is requested to cast a fatherly eye upon the children.

Witnesses—Henry Grubbs, Samuel Furman, Samuel Jennings. Proved Dec. 17, 1704 or Jan. 17, 1704. Amount of the two inventories amounted to 2250 pounds. His father Jedediah Allen made his will Sept. 15, 1711; proved Feb. 6, following. Subscript (Field) Marrott given in MERCURY issue of Apr. 14, 1906 Edward Rockhill named to be executor for Experience Allen if the others should die, owned in 1694 one hundred acres next to Benjamin Field in Chesterfield Township, and Edward Rockhill and John Abbott and others had six acres deeded them by Samuel and John Bunting for a Meeting House in trust for the People of God called Quakers, belonging unto monthly meeting of friends commonly held at Chesterfield falls.

(To be continued.)

**QUERIES.**

6171. COOKE—John Cooke, b. Oct. 1744, d. Newport, Dec. 17, 1812, md. Sarah Gray. No male descendants of the name. Children:

1. Rhoda Cooke, b. Tiverton, Aug. 19, 1768, md. Elisia Brown, of Tiverton. Would like to know names of children.

2. Sarah Cooke, b. Tiverton, Oct. 1765, md. Judge Sam'l. Tales, of Tiverton. Would like list of children.

3. Phebe, b. May 4, 1773, md. Andrew McCorrile, of Portsmouth. Children?

4. Patience, b. June 10th, 1777, md. (1) Major Nathaniel Briggs of Tiverton; (2) David Durfee of Tiverton, Oct. 1, 1807. Would like list of children.

5. John, b. June 17, 1779, md. Phebe Greene. Children wanted.

6. Priscilla, b. June 1, 1782, md. Perry G. Arnold of East Greenwich. Children wanted.

7. Samuel, b. Oct. 12, 1786, md. a daughter of Judge Padelford, of Tiverton. What was her name? Had they children?—G. P.

6172. FALES—Sarah Fales, md. Nathaniel Hazard. Children:

1. Samuel Fales Hazard, md. Martha DeWolf, of Charles, of Newport, Aug. 10, 1841. He was in U. S. Navy, d. Jan. 16, 1867. Issue:

2. George Hazard, d. unmarried.

3. William Hazard, md.—Naylor of Missouri, d. about 1879.

4. Sarah Hazard, md. Charles de Wolfe, son of Charles.

5. Jane Hazard, md. David Bugbee, of Bangor.

Would like name of children, with dates.—M. N. L.

6173. TRIPP—I. John Tripp, of Portsmouth, R. I., was admitted an inhabitant of the Island of Aquidneck, 1688. Mar. 31, 1688, granted 3 acres of land in Portsmouth. He was Deputy, 1688-54-55-58-61-62-63-64-66-67-68-69-72; constable, 1655; freeman, 1655; Assistant, 1670-73-74-75. Will dated Dec. 6, 1677, proved Oct. 28, 1678. Executrix, wife Mary; son John Peleg, son Abel; Joseph, James; daughter Martha; granddaughter Elizabeth de Wolfe. John Tripp was born 1610, died 1678, married Mary Paine, dau. of Anthony. His son

II. John Tripp, b. about 1640, died Nov. 20, 1719, married Sept. 7, 1655, Susanna Anthony, of John and Susanna. Will dated Sept. 7, 1716, proved Dec. 14, 1719. Ex. son John; wife Susanna; sons Lot, Benjamin, Obadiah; daughter Susanna into "Bodie politie." Died about 1644; his wife was born 1617, died Feb. 10, 1696. His son

III. Ichabod Potter, of Portsmouth, R. I., died 1676, married Martha Hazard, of Thomas and Martha. She married second, Benjamin Mowry, Mar. 22, 1681. Ichabod Potter signed certain articles relating to lands in Westerly. Land of Ichabod Potter, deceased, is referred to in deed dated Dec. 31, 1688, from Daniel and Mary Grinnell to Henry Brightman, of Portsmouth, R. I. His son

IV. Thomas Potter, of South Kingsbury, R. I., died 1725, married for his first wife, Jan. 20, 1687, Susanna Tripp, of John and Susanna (Anthony) Tripp. Will dated June 3, 1727, proved June 3, 1728. Executor son Thomas; wife Lydia; daughter Susan Sheldon; daughter Sarah Ichabod; Nathaniel, John, Benjamin, Joseph; granddaughter Mary Sherman. His daughter

V. Susanna Potter, born June 28, 1888, married Isaac Sheldon, of South Kingsbury. Would like list of Sheldon children.—F. C.

6174. In 1822, July 8, Theodore Foster wrote William R. Staples as follows: Benedict Arnold, William Brenton and William Coddington, three Governors under the Charter, were able, industrious men and did much to preserve material for Rhode Island history. Benedict Arnold settled first at Pawtuxet, afterwards removed to Newport and became Governor of the Colony so named in the Charter of Charles II, and wrote out with his own hand a large folio volume containing Memorials of the Arnold Family for several hundreds of years, of their removal to this country and final settlement in this State, with an account of the first settlement. I was informed by Josias Arnold, one of his descendants, who owned a large estate on Conanicut Island, and adjacent to Newport, and who was in nomination for Governor in the time of the Revolution, that he had seen this folio volume with many valuable original documents in manuscript in the possession of Edward Arnold, formerly of Pawtuxet, who many years since removed with his family to the State of New York and carried with him all this valuable material.

Any information in regard to the above folio volume will be gratefully received by the under-signed.

JAMES N. ARNOLD,  
Box 114, Providence, R. I.

**Portsmouth**

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS—There was a largely attended caucus of the Republican party at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening. There was no opposition to any of the nominations and everything went through harmoniously. John B. Cornell was elected chairman and William B. Anthony secretary. The result of the caucus was as follows:

Delegates to the State and First Congressional districts—Sherman, East Peckham, Albert W. Lawrence, William T. H. Howie, John M. Eldredge. Moderator—Henry Parker. Town Clerk—W. F. Brayton.

Town Council—Warren R. Sherman, president; John I. Talman, Charles G. Thomas, Robert H. Manchester, Benjamin S. Anthony.

Assessors—John T. Gardner, Isaac Chase, Arthur L. Burden, Bradford Norman, Thomas J. Sweet, Benjamin Talman, John S. Albro. School Committee—H. Earl Anthony, II, Frank Anthony, Frederick D. Marshall, Lewis Ferguson, Oscar R. T. Moore, T. P. Thompson, John T. Anthony.

Tax Collector—Seth Johnson. Justice of the Peace—John C. Harrington, John Clark.

Town Committee—Elbridge I. Modlard, George Stewin, Henry C. Anthony, Arthur L. Borden, Robert H. Manchester.

Witnesses—Samuel Jennings, Edward Hunlocke, Ann Jennings, Mary Wheat. Proved and letters testamentary granted Nathan Allen, trustee and executor of Experience Field, for Experience made her will May 30, 1802 mentions the same children; gives a legacy to Joseph, son of Isaac and Susannah (Field) Marrott of Burlington. Executors—brother Nathan Allen and brother-in-law Isaac Marrott; Edward Rockhill to take place of executor, if

**STRANGE!**

That's because you haven't been used to it. Never sounded funny when you heard of it in New York or Boston, you took that for granted—big stores, goods bought in tremendous quantities, etc. Our three stores handle as much as any of them. We pay no more, and—it costs us less to sell, that's why.

**SOLID OAK CHIFFONIERS****With Large Bevelled French Mirror.**

There are just 42 patterns on our floors this morning—a showing you'll not find equalled anywhere. The same basis of value follows throughout the line from lowest to highest priced—with one this one to illustrate:

Large roomy base of selected solid white oak. 21 inches deep, very firmly built, drawers are deep and 6"; an upright swinging mirror is supported above the whole, standing 6 ft. 2 in. high, the trimmings are all solid cut brass, you'll not find its equal in Newport for less than \$10.

**\$8.00**

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**Chance to Locate Your Business  
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Valuable Property. One of the best locations on the street.

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That a telephone in your residence provide a means of rapid transit to every Village, Town and State for hundreds of miles and that you can send a message and receive an answer at once.

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LOCAL CONTRACT AGENT.

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**Wedding Bells.**

Sands-Bright.

Emmanuel Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding Thursday morning, the contracting parties being Miss Evelyn Blight, youngest daughter of Mr. Atherton Blight, and Mr. Mahlon Alanson Sands of London. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion.

To the strains of the Bridal Chorus from "Lobengrin," the bridal party proceeded up the aisle, led by the ushers, Messrs. Willing Spencer, Blair Fairchild, Francis J. Otis and Robert D. Graham, followed by the bridesmaids, Misses Margaret Winthrop, Natica Rivers, Julia A. Meyer, and Edith Greenough. Next came the bride resting on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The party was met at the chancel steps by the groom, his best man, Mr. Graham Murray of London, and Rev. Ernest W. Burch, of the Thames Street M. E. Church, officiating. The bride wore a dress of white and carried a bouquet of white roses. A reception followed. The bride received many useful and pretty gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrent left on the 9 o'clock train for Boston, where they will spend their honeymoon.

**Ferrent-Weaver.**

Mrs Carrie P. Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Weaver, and Mr. Gardner Ferrent were married at the home of the groom on Howard street Wednesday evening, Rev. Ernest W. Burch, of the Thames Street M. E. Church, officiating. The bride wore a dress of white and carried a bouquet of white roses. A reception followed.

The bride was a handsome dress of white chiffon, embroidered in silver. Her veil was one worn by her mother at her wedding and was of Brussels lace. It was caught up with orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of Kalsiere roses and jessamine.

The bridesmaids wore dresses of turquoise blue panne satin, with blue chiffon and lace bodices. They wore silver picture hats with large plumes of pale blue. Their bouquets were of shell-pink and shaded pink roses.

The ushers wore large gardenias. Mr. Sands and the best man wore boutonnieres to match the bride's bouquet.

The bride's gifts to the bridesmaids were bar lace pins, with alternating pearls and turquoise, and the groom's gifts to his best man and ushers were link cuff buttons of quartz cat's eyes.

Before, during and after the ceremony Mr. Alfred Q. Langley rendered a pleasing program of music.

A reception followed at "Shady Nook," the home of the bride on Bellevue avenue, which was handsomely decorated.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands left at 1 o'clock for New York on their honeymoon.

Ernest O'Connell.

Miss Hannah Gertr